

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The World and the Child
otherwise
Mundus & Infans

Date of this the Earliest Known Edition, 1522
[Trinity College, Dublin]

Written (it is supposed) c. 1500-6

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1909

The World and the Child

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The World and the Child otherwise Mundus & Infans

1522

Issued for Subscribers by

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MCMIX



The World and the Child

otherwise

Mundus & Infans

1522

This is the first time "The World and the Child" has been reproduced in facsimile; and it may also be said, for the first time is a scholarly reprint text possible where access to the original is difficult. Hazlitt was woefully out of the running, and my own, in the "Early English Drama Series," was little, if anything, better. The value of the present re-issue is obvious.

Only a single copy of any edition whatsoever is known: that from which this facsimile has been taken, and which is now in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.

As will be seen, this copy was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1522, but the date of composition is probably circa 1500-6.

Mr. Fleming, the technical photographer in charge of this series, is not directly responsible for the present volume. The reproduction was, however, carried out under his supervision, at a distance, and he informs me that under the circumstances the best that could be done has been done. The first set of plates was rejected, and the worst that can be said of the second set is detailed hereunder. To my mind the obvious deduction is that I personally, my publishers, and our

subscribers are under deep obligations for the care, skill, and technical knowledge which Mr. Fleming has brought to bear upon this series generally, now rapidly approaching completion.

And this reminds me that I, as the general editor, will esteem suggestions and criticisms with a view to another and more general selection to follow. By "more general" I mean rarities and desiderata not necessarily confined to our old drama, of which, however, there are many items that still require doing badly.

To return to Mr. Fleming's criticism of the reproduction of "*The World and the Child*": he reports that he sent proofs of the four worst pages to the Trinity Librarian, whose remarks I give infra. Generally speaking, Mr. Fleming says the proofs are wonderfully good, considering the negatives; and that, had the Librarian's report been unfavourable, he would have stopped the work. The "faults" are those inherent to old work of this character, which might have been remedied to some but not to an appreciable extent had he undertaken the actual manipulation of the plates.

The pages selected as the worst were as follows, and I give the Trinity Librarian's remarks verbatim:—

Title-page: "The definition is quite as good as in the original. The defective letters at top are all defective in original, owing to injury to paper. The contrast between second and third ornaments on right is exactly reproduced."

A. ij. verso and [A. iv. verso]: "The printing of the recto pages as seen through paper is stronger in the original. These are excellent prints. The blurring in letters is everywhere caused by yellow spots in original."

A. iij. recto : "The last half-dozen lines in this print are a little weak, but so is original in a slightly lesser degree. This page appears much cleaner owing to elimination of yellow spots. The printing of the verso is not visible here at all, but is quite plain in original."

Mr. Fleming remarks thereon : "This refers to printing on other side, the result being due to negative being much over-exposed; this also accounts for elimination of the yellow spots mentioned, which is perhaps an improvement."

JOHN S. FARMER.

Metecygyll. A propre newe Interla-
de of the Worlde and the chylde / other wy-
se called [Mundus & Infans] & it sheweth
in the estate of Chyldehode and Manhode.
Mundus.



BIBLIOTHECA
COLL. SS. TRIN.
H. EXTA DUBLIN.

Sys leace of your lawes what so befall
 And loke ye how bonerly to my byddynge
 For I am ruler of realmes I warne you
 And ouer all sodys I am kynge (all
 For I am kynge and well knownen in these
 I haue also paleys ppyght (realmes rounde
 I haue stedes in stable stalworthe and stronge
 Also stetes and strondes full strongely ppyght
 For all the storde wyde I wote well is my name
 All rycheesse redely it renneth in me
 All pleasure worldely bothe myrthe and game
 My selfe semely in sale I sende with you to be
 For I am the worlde I warne you all
 Wynte of powere and of plente
 He that cometh not whan I do hym call
 I shall hym smyte with pouerte
 For pouerte I parte in many a place
 To them that wyl not obedyent be
 I am a kynge in euery case
 He thynketh I am a god of grace
 The floure of vertu foloweth me
 Lo here I sette semely in se
 I commaunde you all obedyent be
 And with fre wyl ye folowe me

Infans

Cryst our kynge graunte you clerly to knowe þ case
 To meue of this mater that is in my mynde
 Clerely declare it cryst graunte me grace
 How semely spys beholde on me
 How mankynde doth begynne
 I am a chylde as you may se
 Foten in game and in grete synne
 xl. wekes my moder me founde

flesh and blode my fode was tho
Whan I was rype from her to founde
In peryll of dethe we stode bothe two
Now to seke dethe I must begyn
For to passe that strypte passage
For body and soule that shall than twayne
And make a partynge of that maryage
Fourty wekes I was frely fedde
Within my moders possessyon
Full oft of dethe she was adred
Whan that I sholde parte her from
Now in to the worlde she hath me sent
Boore and naked as ye may se
I am not worthely wrapped nor went
But powerly prycked in pouerte
Now in to the worlde wyll I wende
Some comfozte of hym for to craue
All hapyly comely crowned kyng
God that all made you se and saue

Mundus

Welcome fayre chyld what is thy name

Infans

I wote not sy withouten blame
But ofte tyme my moder in her game
Called me dalyaunce

Mundus

Dalyaunce my swete chyld
It is a name that is ryght wyld
For whan thou waxest olde
It is a name of no substaunce
But my fayre chyld what woldest thou haue

Infans

Sy of some comfozte I you craue
Nete and clothe my lyfe to saue

Mundus & Infans

And I your true seruaunt shall be

Mundus

Now fayre chyld I graunte the thyne askynge

I wyll the synde whyle thou art yinge

So thou wylte be obedyent to my byddyng

These garmentes gave I geue to the

And also I geue to the a name

And clepe the wanton in euery game

Till xiiij. yere be come and gone

And than come agayne to me

Wanton

Gramercy worlde for myne araye

For now I purpose me to playe

Mundus

Fare well fayre chyld and haue good daye

All rychelesnesse is kynde for the

Wanton

A ha wanton is my name

I can many a quayne game

Lo my toye I dyue in same

Se it to me rounde

I can with my scozge stycke

My felowe upon the heed hytte

And wyghtly from hym make a skyppe

And blere on hym my tonge

If brother or syster do me chyde

I wyll scratche and also bytte

I can crye and also kpe

And mocke them all be rewe

If fader or mother wyll me smyte

I wyll wyngge with my lyppe

And lyghtly from hym make a skyppe

And call my dame wyrewe

A ha a newe game haue I founde

Se this gynnne it renneth rounde
And here another haue I founde
And yet mo can I fynde
I can mowe on a man
And make a lespnge well I can
And mayntayne it ryght well than
This connyng came me of kynde
Ye syrs I can well gelde a snayle
And catche a cowe by the tale
This is a fayre connyng
I can daunce and also skyppe
I can playe at the chery pytte
And I can wyrtell you a fytte
Syzes in a whylowe ryne
Ye syrs and euery daye
Whan I to scole shall take the waye
Some good mannes gardyn I wyll assaye
Perryss and plommes to plucke
I can spy a sparowes nest
I wyll not go to scole but whan me lest
For there begynneth a sorp fest
Whan the mayster sholdelyfte my docke
But syrs whan I was seu n yere of age
I was sent to the worlde to take wage
And this seu n yere I haue ben his page
And kept his commaundement
Now I wyll wende to the worlde p' worthy emperou
Hayle lorde of grete honour
This. vii. yere I haue serued you in hall & in boure
With all my trewe entent

Mundus

Now welcome wanton my derlyng deere
A newe name I shal gyue the here
Loue lust lykyng in here

Mundus & Jafans

A.ii.

These thy names they shall be
All game and gle and gladnes
All loue longynge in lewdnes
This leuen yere forsake all sadnes
And than come agayne to me

Lust & Lypyng

A ha now lust and lypyng is my name
I am as freshe as floures in maye
I am semely shapen in fame
And proudly apperelde in garments gaye
My lokes ben full louely to a ladyes eye
And in loue longynge my harte is sore sette
Myght I fynde a fode that were fayre and fre
To lye in hell till domysdaye for soue I wolde not let
My loue for towynne
All game and gle
All myghte and melodye
All reuell and rytte
And of boist wyll I neuer blynne
But sye now I am. xix. wynter olde
I was I was wonder bolde
Now I will go to the worlde
Theygher science to assaye
For the worlde will me auaunce
I will kepe his gouernaunce
His plesynge will I praye
For he is a kynge in all substaunce
All hayle mayster full of myght
I haue you serued bothe day and nyght
Now I comen as I you behyght
One and twenty wynter is comen and gone

Mundus

Now welcome loue lust and lypyng
For thou hast ben obedyent to my byddyng

I encrease the in all thyng
And myghtly I make the a man
Manhode myghty shall be thy name
Were the prest in euery game
And wayte well that thou suffre no shame
Neyther for londe nor for rente
yfony man wolde wayte the with blame
Withstonde hym with thy hole entent
Full sharply thou bete hym to shame
With doughtynesse of dede
For of one thyng manhode I warne the
I am moost of bounte
For seven knynges sewen me
Bothe by daye and nyght
One of them is the knyng of pryde
The knyng of enuy doughty in dede
The knyng of wrathe that boldely wyl abyde
For mykyl is his myght
The knyng of couetous is the fourte
The fyfte knyng he hyght flouthe
The knyng of glotony hath no folyte
There pouerte is pyght
Lechery is the seuenth knyng
All men in hym haue grete delytynge
Therefore worshyp hym aboue all thyng
Manhode with all thy myght

Manhode

O yes fyr knyng without lesynge
It shall be wrought
Had I knowynge of the fyrst knyng without lesynge
Well Ioyen I mought

Mundus

The fyrste knyng hyght pryde
Manhode

Alorde with hym fayne wolde I hyde
Mundus

Ere but woldest thou serue hym truely in euery tyde
Manhode

Ere syz and therto my trouche I plyght
That I shall truely pryde present
I swere by saynt Thomas of kent
To serue hym truely is myn entent
With mayne and all my myght
Mundus

Now manhode I wyl araye the newe
In robes ryall ryght of good hewe
And I praye the pryncypally be trewe
And here I dubbe the a knyght
And haunte alwaye to chyualry
I gyue the grace and also beaute
Golde and syluer grete plente
Of the wynges to make the ryght
Manhode

Gramercy worlde and emperour
Gramercy worlde and gouernoure
Gramercy comfote in all coloure
And now I take my leue fare well
Mundus

Farewell manhode my gentyll knyght
Fare well my sone semely in syght
I gyue the alwerde & also strength and myght
In batayle boldly to bere the well
Manhode

Now I am dubbed a knyght hende
Wonder wyde shall waxe my fame
To seke aduentures now wyl I wende
To please the worlde in gle and game
Mundus

Cho syis I am a pryce peryllous pprobyde
I preyd full peryllous and pethely I pyght
As a lord in eche londe I am belouyd
Myne eyen do shyne as lanterne bryght
I am a creature comely out of care
Emperours and kynges they knle to my kne
Euery man is a ferde whan I do on hym stare
For all mery medell erthe maketh mencyon of me
Yet all is at my hande werke both by dorne & by dale
Bothe the see and the lande and foules that fly
And I were ones moued I tell you in tale
There durst do sterre sterc that stondeth in the sky
For I am lord and leder so that in londe
All boweth to my byddynge bonerly aboute
Who p styreth w ony styre oz wayteth me with wroge
I shall myghtly make hym to stamer & stowpe
For I am rychest in myne arape
I haue knyghtes and tomes
I haue ladyes bryghtest in bourys
Now wyll I fare on these flourys
Lordynges haue good dape

Manhode

Preas now preas ye felowes all aboute
Preas now and herken to my lawes
For I am lord bothe stalworthp and stowte
All londes are ledde by my lawes
Baron was there neuer borne that so well hym bare
I better ne a bolde noz a bryghter of ble
For I haue myght & mayne ouer countrees fare
And manhode myghty am I named in euery coultre
For Salerne and samers and ynde the loys
Caleys kente & corne wayle I haue conquered clene
Bycardye and Bountes and gentyll artopys
Florence flaunders and frauce & also Gascopne

All I haue conquered as a knyght
There is no emperour so kene
That dare me lyghtly tene
For lyues and lymmes I leue
So mykyl is my myght
For I haue boldly blode full pyteously dyspylde
There many hath lefte syngers / & fete both heed & face
I haue done harme on hedes & knyghtes haue I kyle
And many a lady for my loue hath sayd alas
Bygaunt Ernys I haue beten to backe & to bonys
And beten also many a grome to grounde
Bretplates I haue beten as Steuen was w stonys
So fell a fyghter in a felde was there neuer pfounde
To me no man is makyde
For manhode myghty that is my name
Many a lord haue I do lame
Wonder wyde walketh my fame
And many a kynges crowne haue I crakyd
I am worthy and wyght wytt and wyse
I am ryall arayde to reuen vnder the ryle
I am proudly aparelde in purple and byse
As golde I glyster in gere
I am styffe stronge stalworthe and stoute
I am the ryallest redely that renneth in this route
There is no knyght so gryfly that I drede nor dout
For I am so doughtly dyght ther may no dint me dere
And þe kyng of pryde full prest w all his proude plens
And þe kyng of lechery louely his letters hath me sent
And the kyng of wyathe full wordely w all his entent
They wyl me mayntayne w mayne & all theyr myght
The kyng of couetous and the kyng of glotony
The kyng of slouth and the kyng of Enuy
All those sende me theyr leuery
Where is now so worthy a wyght

I myght
ye as a myght myghty
Here in this lute lytte I
For no lutes lette I
Here for to lytte

Conscience

Cryst as he is crowned kynge
Saue all this comely company
And graunte you all his dere blessinge
That bonerly bought you on the roode tre
Now praye you prestly on every syde
To god omny potent
To set our enemy sharpely on syde
That is the deuyll and his couent
And all men to haue a clere knowynge
Of heuen blyss that hys toure
We thynke it is a nessesary thyng
For yonge and olde bothe ryche and poore
Dooze conscience for to knowe
For conscience clere it is my name
Conscience counseyleth both hye and lowe
And conscience comenly bereth grete blame
Blame
Ye and oftentymes set in shame
Wherfore I reke you men bothe in earnest & in game
Conscience that ye knowe
For I knowe all the mysterys of man
They be as symple as they can
And in every company where I come
Conscience is out cast
All the worlde dothe conscience hate
Mankynde and conscience ben at debate
For yf mankynde myght conscience take
My body wolde they brast

5
Blast ye and warke me moche wo

Manhode

Say how felowe who gaue the leue this way to go
What wenest thou I dare not come the to

Say thou harlot whyder in halt

Conscience

What let me go sy? I knowe you nought

Manhode

No bychydde brothell thou shalte be taught
For I am a knyght and I were sough
The worlde hath auanced me

Conscience

Why good sy? knyght what is your name

Manhode

Manhode myghty in myrthe and in game
All powere of pryde haue I tane
I am as gentyll as Iap on tre

Conscience

Sy? though the worlde haue you to manhode brought
To mayntayne maner ye were neuer taught
No conscience clere ye knowe ryght nought
And this longeth to a knyght

Manhode

Conscience what the deuill man is he

Conscience

Sy? a teacher of the spyrytualety

Manhode

Sperrytualety what the deuill may that be

Conscience

Sy? all that he leders in to lpyght

Manhode

Lpyght ye but herke felowe yet lpyght fayne wolde I be

Conscience

Will ye so sy? knyght than do after me

Manhode

Cye and it to prydes pleasynge be
I wyl take thy techynge

Conscience

Chay syz beware of pryde and pou do well
for pryde lucyfer fell in to hell
Epli domys daye ther shall he dwell
withouten ony out comynge
for pryde syz is but a vayne glozve

Manhode

Hear thou brothell and lette those wordes be
for the worlde and pryde hath auanced me
To me men lewte full lowe

Conscience

And to beware of pryde syz I wolde counsaill you
And thynke on kynge robert of cysell
How he for pryde in grete pouerte fell
for he wolde not conscience knowe

Manhode

Cye conscience go forth the thy waye
for I loue pryde and wyl go gaye
Althp techynge is not worthe a strape
for pryde clepe I my kynge

Conscience

Spz there is no kynge but god alone
That bodely bought vs with payne and passyon
Bycause of mannes soule redempcyon
In Scrypture thus we fynde

Manhode

Saye conscience syth þ woldest haue pryde fro me
What sayest thou by the kynge of lechery
With all mankynde he must be
And with hym I loue to lpyng

Conscience

Manhode & Infante

3
C Day manhode that may not be
From lechery fast you fle
For in combrance it wyl bynge the
And all that to hym wyl lynde

Manhode

C Saye consyence of the kynge of slouth
He hath behyght me mykell trouth
And I may not forsake hym for ruth
For with hym I thynke to rest

Consyence

Manhode in scripture thus we fynde
That slouth is a traytour to heuen kynge
Syz knyght yf you wyl kepe your kynge
Frome slouth cleane you cast

Manhode

Say consyence the kynge of glotony
He sayth he wyl not forsake me
And I purpose his seruauant to be
With mayne and all my myght

Consyence

C Thynke manhode on substance
And put out glotony for combrance
And kepe with you good gouernaunce
For this longeth to a knyght

Manhode

C What consyence frome all my maysters I woldel
But I wyl neuer forsake enuy
For he is kynge of company (haue m
Bothe with more and lasse

Consyence

C Day manhode that may not be
And ye wyl cherysshe enuy
God wyl not well pleased be
To comforte you in that case

Manhode

Thy from fyue kynges thou hast counseyled me
But from the kyng of wrath I wyll neuer fle
For he is in euery dede doughty
For hym dare no man rowte

Conscience

May manhode beware of wrath
For it is but superfluite that cometh and goeth
Ye and all men his company hateth
For ofte they stonde in doubte

Manhode

Thy on the false flatteryng frere
Thou shalte rewe the tyme that thou came here
The deuyll mote set the on a fyre
That euer I with the mete
For thou counseylest me from all gladnes
And wolde me set vnto all sadnes
But o thou bynge me in this madnes
The deuyll breke thy necke
But sy frere euyl mote thou thye
Frome. bi. kynges thou hast counseyled me
But that daye shall thou neuer se
To counsayll me from couetous

Conscience

No sy I wyll not you from couetous bynge
For couetous I clepe a kyng
Sy couetous in good doyng
Is good in all wyle
But sy knyght wyll ye do after me
And couetous your kyng shall be

Manhode

Ye sy my trouthe I plyght to the
That I wyll warke at thy wyll

Conscience

Mundus & Infans.

B.ii.

Manhode wylle þe by this worde stande

Manhode

Cye consyence here my hande

I wylle neuer from it fonge

Neither loude ne still

Consyence

Manhode þe must loue god aboue all thyng

His name in ydelnes þe may not mynge

Kepe your holy dawe from worldly doyng

Your fader and moder wo: lyppe aye

Coueyte þe to sle no man

Ne do no lechery with no woman

Your neyhoures good take not be no waye

And all false wytnesse þe must denaye

Neither þe must not couete no mannes wyfe

For no good that hym helythe

This couetyng shall kepe you out of stryfe

These ben the commaundementes ten

Mankynde and þe these commaundementes kepe

Heuen blyss I þou behete

For crystes commaundementes all full swete

And full necessary to all men

Manhode

What consyence is this thy courtous

Consyence

Cye manhode in all wyse

And coueyte to crystes scrupse

Bothe to matyng and to masse

þe must manhode with all your myght

Maintayne holy chyrches ryght

For this longeth to a knyght

Blapnly in euery place

Manhode

What consyence sholde I leue all game and gle

Conscience

May manhode so mote I thye
All mythe in measure is good for the
But sye measure is in all thyng

Manhode

Measure conscience what thyng may measure be

Conscience

Sye kepe you in charyte
And from all euill company
For doubte of foly doynge

Manhode

Folye/ what thyng callest thou folye

Conscience

Sye it is Pryde Wrathe and Enuy
Slouth Couetous and Glotony
Lechery the seuenthe is

These seuen synnes I call folye

Manhode

What thou lvest to this

Seuen the worlde deluered me

And sayd they were kynges of grete beaute

And most of mayne and myghtes

But yet I praye the sye tell me

Maye I not go arayde honestly

Conscience

Yes manhode hardely

In all maner of degre

Manhode

But I must haue sportynge of playe

Conscience

Sykerly manhode I say not naye

But good gouernaunce kepe bothe nyght and daye

And mayntayne mekenes and all mercy

Manhode

Mundus & Infans

B.iii.

Call mercy conscience what may that be
Conscience

Syr all dyscrecyon that god gaue the
Manhode

Dyscrecyon I knowe not so mote I the
Conscience

Syr it is all the wyttes that god hathe you sende
Manhode

A conscience / conscience now I knowe and se
Thy cunnyng is moche more than myne
But yet I praye the syr tell me
What is moost necessary for man in euery tyme
Conscience

Syr in euery tyme beware of folye
Folye is full of false flatteryng
In what occupacyon that euer ye be
Alwaye or ye begyn thynke on the endyng
For blame
Now fare well manhode I must wende
Manhode

Now fare well conscience myne owne frende
Conscience

I praye you manhode haue god in mynde
And beware of folye and shame
Manhode

Yes / yes / ye come wynde and rayne
God let hym neuer come here agayne
Now he is forwarde I am ryght fayne
For in faythe syr he had nere counsayled me all amys
Aa now I haue be thought me of I shall heuen wyne
Conscience techyng I must begyn
And clene forsake the kynges of synne
That the worlde me taught
And conscience seruant wyll I be

And beleue as he hath taught me
Upon one god and persones thre
That made all thyng of nought
For consyence clere I clepe my kynge
And his knyght in good doyng
For ryght of reason as I fynde
Consyence techyng is trewe
The worlde is full of boost
And sayth he is of myghtes moost
All his techyng is not worth a coost
For consyence he dothe refuse
But yett wyl I hym not forsake
For mankynde he dothe mercy make
Thoughe the worlde and consyence be at debate
Yett the worlde wyl I not despise
For bothe in chyche and in charynge
And in other places byng
The worlde fyndeth me all thyng
And dothe me grete seruyse
Now here full prest
I thynke to rest
Now myche is best

Folpe

What hey / how care awaye
My name is folpe I am not gaye
Is here any man that wyl saye naye
That renneth in this route
Alas god gyue you good cue

Manhode

Stonde better felowe where dost thou thy curtesy proue

Folpe

What I do but claime myne ars say be your leue
I praye you say gyue me this cloute

Manhode

What stonde out thou sayned syrre
folpe

By by say the syr there the cocke crewe
for I take recorde of this rewe
My thedome is nere past

Manhode
Now trewely it may well be so
folpe

By god syr yethaue I felowes mo
for in euery countre where I go
Some man his chyrfe hath lost

Manhode
But herke felowe art thou ony craftes man
folpe

Yesy I can bynde a spue and tynke a pan
And therto a corpous bukler player I am
Arple felowe wylt thou assaye

Manhode
Now truely syr I crow thou canst but lytell skyl of
folpe (playe)

Yes by cockes bones that I can
I wyl neuer fle for no man
That walketh by the waye

Manhode
felowe thoughe thou haue kunnynge
I counsayll the leue thy bostynge
for here thou may thy felowe fynde
Whyder thou wylte at longe or shorte
folpe

Come loke and thou darest arple and assaye
Manhode

Ye syr but yet consyence byddeth me naye
folpe

No syr thou darest not in good faye

For truely thou sayest no false herte

Manhode

What sayst thou haue I a false herte

Folpe

Cye syz in good fape

Manhode

Manhode wyl not that I saye naye

Defende the folpe yf you maye

For in feythe I purpose to wete what thou art

How sayste thou now folpe hast thou not a touche

Folpe

No ywys but a lytell on my pouche

On all this meyne I wyl me wouche

That stondeth here aboute

Manhode

And I take recorde on all this rewe

Thou hast two touches though I saye but fewe

Folpe

Cye this place is not without a shewe

I do you all out of dewe

Manhode

But herke felowe by thy faythe where was thou bore

Folpe

By my faythe in englonde haue I dwelled yore

And all myne auncettys me before

But syz in London is my chese dwellynge

Manhode

In London wher yf a man the sought

Folpe

Syz in holborne I was forthe brought

And with the courtiers I am betought

To westmynstre I bled to wende

Manhode

Herke felowe why doost thou to westmynstre drawe

Folpe

For I am a seruaunt of the lawe
Courteous is myne owne felowe
We twayne plete for the kynge
And poore men that come from vplande
We wyl take thei mater in hande
Be it ryght or be it wronge
Thei thynke with vs shall wende

Manhode

Now here felowe I praye þ whyder wendest þ tha
folye

By my seyth sy into London I ran
To the tauernes to drynke the wyne
And than to the Junes I toke the waye
And there I was not welcome to the osteler
But I was welcome to the fayre tapester
And to all the housholde I was ryght dere
For I haue dwelled with her many a daye

Manhode

Now I praye þ whyder toke þ than the waye
folye

In feythe sy ouer London bydye I ran
And the streyght waye to the stewes I came
And soke lodgyng for a nyght
And there I founde my brother lechery
There men and women dyde folye
And euery man made of me as worthy
As thoughe I hadde ben a knyght

Manhode

I praye the yet tell me mo of thyne aduentures
folye

In feythe euen streyght to all the freres
And with them I dwelled many yeres
And they crowned folye a kynge

Manhode

I praye the felowe whpder wendest thou the
folye

Sy all englande to and fro
In to abbeyes and in to nonneryes also
And alwaye folye dothe felowes fynde
Manhode

Now herke felowe I praye the tell me thy name
folye

I wys I hyght bothe folye and shame
Manhode

A ha thou arte he that consyence dyd blame
Whan he me taught

I praye the folyc go heng and felowe not me
folye

Yes good syz let me your seruaunt be
Manhode

Naye so mote I thye
For than a shewe had I caught
folye

Why good syz what is your name
Manhode

Manhode myghty that bereth no blame
folye

By y roode and manhode mystereth in euey game
Somdele to cheryshe folye

For folye is felowe with the worlde
And gretely beloued with many a lord

And yf ye put me out of your warde
The worlde ryght wroth wyll be
Manhode

Ye syz yet had I leuer the worlde be wroth
Than lese the cunnynge that Consyence me gaue
folye

A cuckowe for Consyence he is but a dawwe
Mundus & Infans

He can not elles but preche

Manhode

Oye I praye the leue thy lewde claterynge
For Conscience is a counseler for a kyng

Folye

I wolde not gyue a straffe for his techyng
He dooth but make men wythe

But wotte thou what I aye man

By that ylle trouthe that god me gaue

Had I that bothe Conscience in this place

I sholde so bere hym with my staffe

That all his stowes sholde stycke

Manhode

I praye the folye go hens and folowe not me

Folye

Oyes syr so mote I the

Your seruaunt wyll I be

I ate but mete and drynke

Manhode

Peace man I may not haue the for thy name

For thou sayst thy name is bothe folye and shame

Folye

Why here in this cloute I knyght shame

And clype me but propre folye

Manhode

Oye folye wyll thou be my trewe seruaunt

Folye

Oyes syr manhode here my bande

Manhode

Now let us drynke at this commaunt

For that is curtesy

Folye

Mary mayster ye shall haue in hast

A ha lyss let the catte wycke

For all ye wote not what I thynke
I shall drawe hym suche a draught of drynke
That consyence he shall awaye cast
Haue mayster and drynke well
And let vs make reuell/reuell
For I swere by the chyrche of saynt myghell
I wolde we were at stewes
For there is nothyng but reuell route
And we were there I had no doubte
I sholde be knowen all aboute
Where consyence they wolde refuse

Manhode

Peace folpe my fayre scende
For by cryste I wolde not y consyence sholde me here
folpe (synde)

Tullhe mayster therof speke no thyng
For consyence cometh no tyme here

Manhode

Peace folpe there is no man that knoweth me
folpe

Syz here my trouche I plyght to the
And thou wylte go thyder with me
For knowlege haue thou no care

Manhode

Peace but it is heng a grete waye
folpe

Parde syz we may be there on a daye
Ye and we shall be ryght welcome I dare well saye
In estchepe for to dyne
And than we wyl with lombardes at passage playe
And at the popes heed swete wyne assaye
We shall be lodged well a fyne

Manhode

What sayest thou folpe is this the best

Mundus & Infans

C.iii.

folpe

Syz all this is manhode well thou knowest

Manhode

Now folp go we heng in hast

But fayne wolde I chaunge my name

For well I wote of conscience mete me in this tyde

Ryght well I wote he wolde me chyde

folpe

Syz for fere of you his face he shall hyde

I shall clepe you shame

Manhode

Now gramercy folpe my felowe in fere

So we heng tary no lenger here

Till we be gone me thynke it seven yere

I haue golde and good to spende

folpe

A ha mayster that is good chere

And or it be passed halfe a yere

I shall the there ryght a lewde frere

And hyther agayne the sende

Manhode

Folpe go before and teche me the waye

folpe

Come after shame I the praye

And conscience clere ye cast awaye

Lo syz this folp techeth aye

For where conscience cometh with his cunnynge

Yet folpe full fetely shall make hym blynde

Folpe before and shame behynde

Lo syz thus fareth the worlde alwaye

Manhode

Now I wyll folowe folpe for folpe is my man

Ye folpe is my felowe and hath gyven me a name

Conscience called me manhode folpe calleth me shame

folpe wyll me lede to london to lerne reuel
ye and consyence is but a flaterynge brothell
for euer he is carpyng of care
The worlde and folpe counseyll eth me to all gladnes
ye and consyence counseyll eth me to all sadnes
ye to moche sadnes myght bynge me in to madnes
I now haue good dape syz to london to seke folpe wyll

Consyence

(I fare

Saye manhode frende whyder wyll ye go

Manhode

Ray syz in faythe my name is not so
why frere what the deuyll hast thou to do
whyder I go or abyde

Consyence

yes syz I myll counsell you for the best

Manhode

I wyll none of thy counsell so haue I rest
I wyll go whyder my lest
for thou canst nought elles but chyde

Consyence

Lo syz a grete ensample you may se
The freynes of mankynde
How oft he falleth in folpe
Throughe temptacyon of the fende
for whan the fende and the fleshe be at one assent
Than consyence clerc is clene out cast
Men thynke not on the grete Iugement
That the sely soule shall haue at the last
But wolde god all men wolde haue in mynde
Of the grete dape of dome
How he shall gyue a grete rekenynge
Of euyl dedes that he hathe done
But nedeles syth it is so
That manhode is forthe with folpe wende

Mundus & Infans

To seche perseueraunce now wyll I go
With the grace of god on my potent
His counseylls ben in fere
Perseueraunce counsell is moost dere
Nexste to hym is consyence clere
From synnyng
Now into this presence to cryst I praye
To spede me well in my Journaye
Fare well lordynges and haue good daye
To seke perseueraunce wyll I wende
Perseueraunce

Now cryst our comely creature clerer thā crystal clene
That craftly made euery creature by good recreacyon
Saue all this company that is gathered here bydene
And let all your soules in to good saluacyon
Now good god þ is moost wysest and welde of wyttes
This company / counsell / comforte and glad
And saue all this synnolytude that semely here syttes
Now good god for his mercy that all men made
Now mary moder mekest that I mene
Shelde all this company from euyl Inuerlacyon
And saue you from our enemy as she is bryght & clene
And at þ last day of dome deliuer you fro euerlastyng
By þ perseueraunce is my name (dampnacōn
Consyence bozne broder is
He sente me hyder mankynde to endoctryne
That they sholde to no byces enclyne
For ofte mankynde is gouerned amys
And throughe foly mankynde is set in shame
Therfore in this presens to cryst I praye
Or that I heng wende awaye
Some good worde that I may saye
To bozowe mannes soule from blame

Alas / alas / that me is wo
My lyfe my lykynge I haue forlorne
My rentes my rychesse it is all ygo
Alas the daye that I was bozne
For I was bozne manhode moost of myght
Styffe stronge both stalworthy and stoute
The worlde full worthely hath made me a knyght
All bowed to my byddynge bonerly aboute
Than consyence clere comely and kynde
Wherely he met me in sete there I late
He lerned me a lesson of his techynge
And the vii. deadly synnes full lothely he dyde hate
Dyde wrath and enuy and couetous in kynde
The worlde all these synnes delyuered me vntyll
Slouth the couetous & lechery þ is full of false flaterynge
All these consyence reproued both lowde and styll
To consyence I helde by my hande
To kepe crystes commaundementes
He warned me of folye & traytour & bade me beware
And thus he went his waye
But I haue falsly me forsworne
Alas the daye that I was bozne
For body and soule I haue forlorne
I clynge as a clodde in claye
In london many a daye
At the passage I wolde playe
I thought to borowe and neuer paye
Than was I sought and set in stockes
In newgate I laye vnder lockes
If I saydought I caught many knockes
Alas where was manhode tho
Alas my lewdenes hath me lost
Where is my body so proude and prest.

I coughe and rought my body wyl brest
Age dothe folowe me so
I stare and stacker as I stonde
I grone glyssy bpon the grounde
Alas dethe why lettest thou me lyue so longe
I wander as a wyght in wo
And care

For I haue done yll
Now wende I wyl
My selfe to spyl
I care not whyder nor where

Perseueraunce

Well ymet syr well ymet and whyder awaye

Age

Why good syr wherby do ye saye

Perseueraunce

Tell me syr I you praye

And I with you wyl wende

Age

Why good syr what is your name

Perseueraunce

Forsothe syr perseueraunce the same

Age

Syr ye are consyence brother that me dyd blame

I may not with you lunge

Perseueraunce

Yes yes Hanhode my frende in fere

Age

Nay syr my name is in another maner

For folpe his owne selfe was here

And hath cleppd me shame

Perseueraunce

Shame

Nay Hanhode let hym go

folye and his felowes also
for they wolde the bypnyge in to care and wo
And all that wyll folowe his game

Age

Cye game who so game
folye hath gyuen me aname
So where euer I go
He clypped me shame
Now manhode is gone
folye hath folowed me so
Whan I fyrst from my moder cam
The worlde made me a man
And fast in ryches I ran
Tyll I was dubbed a knyght
And than I met with consyence clere
And he me set in such manere
He thought his techynge was full dere
Bothe by daye and nyght
And than folye met me
And sharply he beset me
And from consyence he fet me
He wolde not fro me go
Many a daye he kept me
And to all folkes he cleped me
fro shame
And vnto all synnes he set me
Alas that me is wo
for I haue falsely me forsworne
Alas that I was bozne
Body and soule I am but loyne
He lyketh neyther gle nor game
Perseueraunce
Nay / nay / manhode saye not so
Be ware of manhode for he is a fo

A new name I shall gyue you to
I clepe you repentaunce
For and you here repente your synne
Ye are possible heuen to wyne
But with grete contricyon ye must begynne
And take you to abstinence
For though a man had do alone
The deedly synnes euerychone
And he with contricyon make his mone
To cryst our heuen kynge
God is also gladde of hym
As of the creature that neuer dyde syn

Age

How good sy? how sholde I contricyon begyn

Perseueraunce

Esy? in thyfte of mouche without barpene
And another ensample I shall shewe you to
Thynke on Peter and Poule and other mo
Thomas James and Johan also
And also mary Maudeleyn
For Poule dyde crystes people grete bylany
And Peter at the passon forsoke cryst thynges
And Maudeelayne lyued longe in lechery
And saynt thomas byleued not in the resurreccyon
And yet these to cryst are derlynges dere
And now be sayntes in heuen clere
And therfore though ye haue trespased here
I hope ye be sorry for your synne

Age

O ye perseueraunce I you plyght
I am sorry for my synne bothe daye and nyght
I wolde fayne lerne with all my myght
How I sholde heuen wyne

Perseueraunce

So to wyne heuen. v. necessary thynges there ben.
That must be knowen to all mankynde
The. v. wyttes doth begynne
Sp: bodely and sp:tuall

Age

Of the. v. wyttes I wolde haue knowynge
Perseueraunce

Forsoth sp: herynge/seyng/and smellyng
The remenaunte tastynge/and felyng
These ben the. v. wyttes bodely
And sp: other. v. wyttes there ben

Age

Sp: perseueraunce I knowe not them.
Perseueraunce

Now repentaunce I shall you ken
They are the power of the soule
Clere in mynde there is one
Imagynacpon and all reason
Understondynge and compassyon
These belonge vnto perseueraunce

Age

Gramercy perseueraunce for your trewe techynge
But good sp: is there ony more behynde
That is necessary to all mankynde
Frely for to knowe

Perseueraunce

O ye repentaunce more there be
That euery man must on byleue
The. xij. artycles of the fayth
That mankynde must on crowe
The fyrst that god is in one substaunce
And also that god is in thre persones
Begynnynge and endynge without varyaunce
And all this wolde made of nought

The seconde that the sone of god lykely
Toke fleshe and blode of the byrgyn mary
Withou tounge of mannes fleshe compayne
This must be in euery mannes thought
The thyrde that that same god sone
Borne of that holy byrgyn
And she after his byrthe mayden as she was befoze
And crier in all kynde
Also the fourthe that same cryst god and man
He suffred payne and passyon
Because of mannes soule redempcyon
And on a crosse dyde hynge
The fyfte article I shall you tell
Than the spyrte of godhed went to hell
And bought out the soules that there dyde dwell
By the power of his owne myght
The. vi. article I shall you saye
Cryst rose vpon the thyrde daye
Very god and man without en naye
That all shall deme and dyght
He sent mannes soule in to heuen
Moste all the aungelles euery chone
There is the fader the sone / and y sothfast holy goost
The eyght article we must beleue on
That same god shall come downe
And deme mannes soule at the daye of dome
And on mercy than must we trust
The. ix. article with outen stryfe
Euery man mayden and wyfe
And all the bodyes that euer bare lyfe
And at the daye of dome body and soule shall pere
Truely the. x. article is
All they that hath kept goddes seruyce

They shall be crowned in heuen blyss
As crystes seruautes to hym full dere
The .xi. artycle the sothe to sayne
All that hath falsely to god gayded them
They shall be put in to hell payne
There shall be no synne couerynge
Syz after the .xii. we must wyche
And beleue in all the sacramentes of holy chyrche
That they ben necessary to both last and fyrste
To all maner of mankynde
Syz ye must also here & knowe þ commaūdemētes .x.
Lo syz this is your beleue and all men
Do after it and ye shall heuen wyne
Without doubte I knowe

Age

Gramercy perseueraunce for your trewe techynge
To: in the spyrite of my soule wyll I fynde
That it is necessary to all mankynde
Truely for to knowe
Now syz take all ensample by me
How I was bozne in synple degre
The worlde ryall receyued me
And dubbed me a knyght
Than conscience met me
So after hym came folpe
Fo:pe falsely deceyued me
Than shame my name hyght

Perseueraunce

O ye and now is your name repentaunce
Throughe the grace of god almyght
And therfore withoute ony dystaunce
I take my leue of kynge and knyght
And I praye to Ihesu whiche as made vs all
Couer you with his mantell perpetuall Amen.

They shall be crowned in heuen blyſſe
As cryſtes ſeruauntes to hym full dere
The .xi. artycle the ſothe to ſayne
All that hath faſſely to god gayded them
They ſhall be put in to hell payne
There ſhall be no ſynne couerynge
Syz after the .xii. we muſt wyche
And beleue in all the ſacramentes of holy chyrche
That they ben neceſſary to both laſt and fyrſte
To all maner of mankynde
Syz ye muſt alſo here & knowe þ commaūdemētes .x.
Lo ſyz this is your beleue and all men
Do after it and ye ſhall heuen wyne
Without doubte I knowe

Age

Gramercy perſeueraunce for your trewe techynge
To in the ſpyrite of my ſoule wyll I fynde
That it is neceſſary to all mankynde
Truely for to knowe
Now ſyzs take all enſample by me
How I was bozne in ſimple degre
The worlde yll receyued me
And dubbed me a knyght
Than conſcience met me
So after hym came folpe
For ye faſſely deceyued me
Than ſhame my name hyght

Perſeueraunce

O ye and now is your name repentance
Throughe the grace of god almyght
And therfore withoute ony dyſtaunce
I take my leue of kynge and knyght
And I praye to Iheſu whiche as made vs all
Couer you with his mantell perpetuall Amen.

Here endeth the Interlude of Mundus & Infans.
Imprinted at London in Fleetstreete at the sygne of þ
Sonne by me Wynkyn de worde. The yere of our Lorde
M.CCCC.and.xxiij. The.xviij.daye of July.



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